

This summer vacation my family decided to rent a cabin at the State Park to enjoy the forest, lake, and wildlife. My parents felt that the natural surroundings would be beneficial for us "city kids". My cousin Samantha, who is my age, and her family joined us.

Every day we would hike along the trails and bridges to the swimming area. My mother made us take my little sister Angela with us, but we didn't mind taking her along. She is pretty quiet and normal for a seven-year-old. Our mothers would appear a little later to take a dip in the refreshing swimming pool. My dad and uncle would take Samantha's brothers, "the twins", fishing early every morning. Later they would meet the rest of us in the swimming area. The twins would come sit by us, all sweaty and foul smelling, and talk incessantly about the fish they had caught. They would call Samantha, Angela, and me "dumb girls" because we never wanted to go fishing with them. At first we ignored them, but the teasing did not stop.

After about a week of this, Samantha and I became rather annoyed. We devised a plan that would end the teasing once and for all.

"OK, you little pests, we'll challenge you to a fishing contest," Samantha said through her teeth.

"We'll meet you on the first bridge at 6:30 tomorrow morning, and whoever has caught the most fish in two hours wins," I instructed.

We walked down to the bridge the next morning. Dad had given us a carton of worms so we wouldn't have to search for them. I'm not crazy about baiting hooks, but I managed to get my worm secured, and Samantha could bait a hook in a flash. Angela, on the other hand, was having difficulty with hers. I think it made her queasy.

Right away, Benjamin caught a fish, and I caught one that was too small to keep. About an hour went by and nothing else happened. It was starting to get hot, and none of us was having any luck. Just as we were getting discouraged, Angela yelled, "I got one!" It was so gigantic that I had to help her, and we struggled to reel it in. We screamed with excitement as we dumped it into the bucket. This made the boys furious.

"Be quiet, will ya?" snapped Benjamin.

About fifteen minutes later, Angela reeled in another bass. We couldn't believe our eyes.

"We won, you brats! Time's up!" Samantha and I shouted. "Now leave us alone." We looked over at our champion and found her gazing at her two fish in the bucket. She seemed more distraught than elated.

"You gonna clean those fish for dinner?" Mitchell asked.

Angela had a horrified expression on her face. "We can't eat them!"

I felt sort of sorry for her as she threw the two fish back into the lake. I think the twins did, too. They never asked us to go fishing again.

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